

Questions

mind.in.a.box

when I feel water soaking me through,
I cannot drown them.
when I feel fire burning me up,
I cannot scorch them.
when I feel the blade digging in,
I cannot cut them.
when I feel the rope tightening,
I cannot choke them.

it's the questions that haunt me.
it's the questions that drive me.
it's the questions that mar my sleep.
it's the questions that pain me.
it's the questions that guide me.
it's the questions that cut so deep.

it's the questions that burn me.
it's the questions that need me.
it's the questions that mark my core.
it's the questions that soil me.
it's the questions that feed me.
it's the questions that yearn for more.

I'm watching the rain,
my mind wants to roam.
I'm driving along,
my mind needs to soar.

I'm falling asleep,
my mind finds no rest.
I'm drifting away,
my mind longs for more.

I'm feeling disdain,
my mind wants to moan.
I'm crying alone,
my mind needs to roar.

I'm falling apart,
my mind finds no nest.
I'm screaming aloud,
my mind is no more.

when I feel acid in my sore eyes,
I cannot rinse them.
when I feel blisters on my torn skin,
I cannot heal them.
when I feel the chains shackling me,
I cannot shed them.
when I feel my hands strangling me,
I cannot sever them.

I'm watching the rain,
my mind wants to roam.
I'm driving along,
my mind needs to soar.

I'm falling asleep,
my mind finds no rest.
I'm drifting away,
my mind longs for more.

I'm humming a tune,
my heart almost reeling.
I'm strolling a path,
my heart is so still.

I'm forgetting myself,
my heart is not beating.
I'm feeling nothing,
my heart is dead still.

my heart is dead still.